



Letters from the Far East

Alice Pickford Brockway





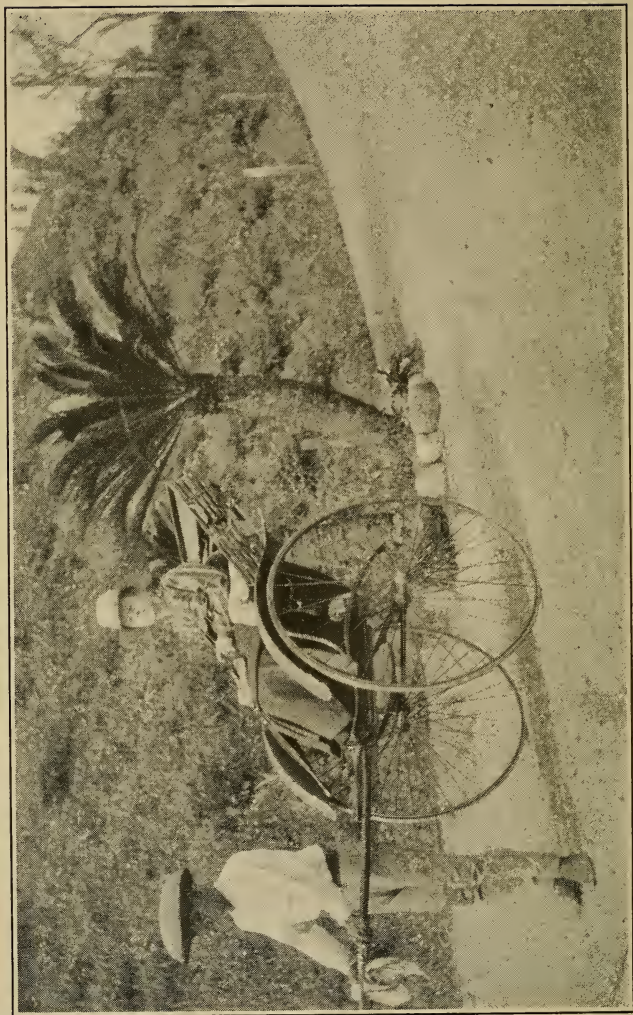
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LETTERS FROM THE FAR EAST



The Author Traveling in Japan

LETTERS FROM THE FAR EAST

Evans, Mrs Alice (Pickford)
" By

ALICE PICKFORD BROCKWAY

Author of

"A Trip to the Orient" and "The Noisy Seven"

*"A million a month in China
Are dying without God"*

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LETTERS FROM THE FAR EAST

LETTER NO. I

IT was 9.30 a. m., on September 15, 1917, and the journey that we had planned to take six months previous, had really begun. Not without excitement, however; for just as we prepared to alight from the auto at the North Station, we discovered to our consternation that the hand-bag containing our pocketbook, railway tickets, and claim checks for our baggage, had been accidentally left behind.

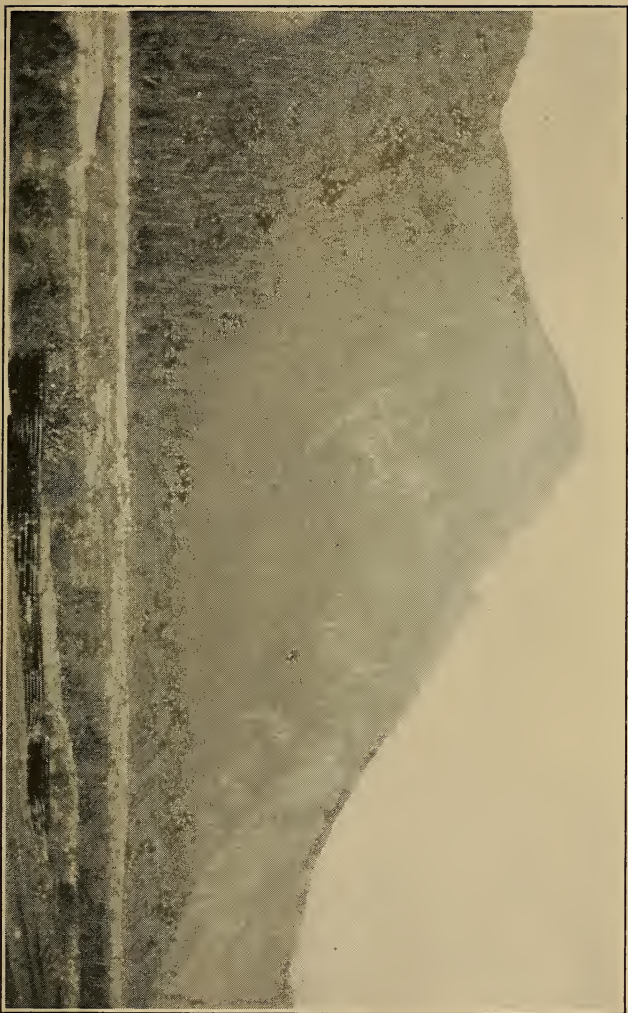
We looked at our watch and gasped; only thirty minutes to train time. We hastily got ourselves and our hand baggage onto the sidewalk, and said to the chauffeur, "Can you do it?"

The reply was characteristic of the man: "I can try."

We realized what it meant: a distance of six miles each way; to hunt up the missing bag, and get it into our hands in time. We could see the congested streets

that lay between the North Station and Commonwealth Boulevard, with traffic officers stationed at every corner; and our hearts sank. Nevertheless we were not going to say die; so gathering suitcases and umbrellas, we entered the station and consulted together. We did not remember the number of our seats in the parlor-car or of our compartment from Montreal; but we hastily entered a telephone booth and summoned to our aid Mr. Wheeler, of the Missionary Union, who had purchased our tickets for us. He said he would come at once. We then accosted the man in the baggage-room, and explained to him our dilemma. He was most obliging, and allowed us to identify our baggage without the claim checks, and checked them without the tickets; agreeing that they should be put on board in case the tickets did not arrive in time. We wished we might go as easily as our baggage; and decided to do so, tickets or no tickets; and having learned the number of our parlor-car seats in our conversation with Mr. Wheeler, we boarded the train and took possession of them.

We saw Mr. Wheeler racing down the platform, having done some lively sprinting all the way from the Ford Building; and at the same time some one ran along and thrust our bag into our hand; we could only gasp out that in the haste one of our suitcases had been left in the auto. Some one, we hardly knew who, flew back for it; Mr. Wheeler had planned to try and hold the train a few minutes, as he happily knew the engi-



Canadian Rockies

neer; but a couple of minutes before the time arrived, our suitcase was thrown onto the platform at our feet.

The good-bys were necessarily hasty and possibly saved us all the pangs of parting by so being; and we thankfully settled ourselves in our seats as the train pulled out from the station, bound for Montreal.

The day passed comfortably and uneventfully. Our train was on time; and at 9.05 p. m. we pulled into the station at Montreal, where we were to change cars.

Everywhere we were reminded of the war. Canadian soldiers were in evidence at every place; and when we crossed the line into Canada, an official went through the train, asking the destination of all passengers.

At ten-fifteen we were again on our way, and after a comfortable night, awoke to behold the beauties of the Canadian scenery.

In the dining-car the menu was simple, and on the bill of fare was printed a warning against waste and extravagance. The serving of beef and bacon on Tuesdays and Fridays was prohibited, and the using of veal, little chickens and pigs, and young lamb, was forbidden.

On Sunday morning, September 16, we stopped at a little Canadian town called North Bay. As we had twenty minutes, we left the car for a walk on the platform. Just as we did so, a small company of Salvation Army soldiers, drew up near the station and held an open-air meeting. It seemed a fitting reminder that the day was the Sabbath.

The following morning we were by the shore of Lake Superior, and for some time enjoyed the beauty of this grand lake. The next day the scenery was not very interesting, being prairie land mostly; but on Wednesday morning, we beheld the Canadian Rockies in all their grandeur.

All day we reveled in the wonderful scenery: high peaks, deep gorges, rapid rivers.

We passed two train-loads of Chinese coolies, in charge of English officers, who were on their way east, and thence to France. They were all dressed alike in blue cotton suits, and seemed happy, as with heads far out of the windows they smiled, waved their hands, and cheered as we passed them.

We were not sorry on Thursday morning, September 20, to reach Vancouver, and the end of our trip by rail. Five days had been enough to make us glad to rest.

LETTER NO. II

ON our arrival at Vancouver, we went to the hotel by that name, the largest in the city and well kept.

We had not been here long, when we heard a dismal sound, something between a roar and a groan, which seemed to proceed from a brick building in the rear of the hotel near our window. We surmised all kinds of things, but finally learned that the building was the rear of the Orpheum Theater, and that some lions were on exhibition there for a week. As the sounds continued at intervals during the day and night, we were glad when, late Saturday evening, we saw the large iron cages containing the beasts loaded onto a truck and carried away.

Vancouver is a comparatively new city, and has good buildings and clean streets.

We realized here, more than we had at home, the results of the war.

“War bread” was served at the hotel; and people everywhere were warned against waste and extravagance. We did not then know how soon our own country would be following in the same steps; and that what we saw there would soon be common in the homeland.

On Sunday morning we attended divine service at the First Baptist Church. It is a fine, gray stone structure, and the service was plain and simple and deeply spiritual.

The singing of the Doxology was followed by "God Save the King." The minister, an elderly man, spoke with great fervor, on "Prayer," and in his own prayer mentioned with great earnestness "the brave boys who have gone to the front." He said, "Our boys are all going, and soon we will have no boys left"; but with it all, one felt the spirit of bravery and resignation of those who knew their duty and would pay the cost of doing it.

Our eyes by chance fell upon a frail little woman near the front, who was dressed in black and looked poor and broken-hearted, and who wiped her eyes sadly at the close of the prayer. We felt she had given her son.

In the afternoon we visited a Chinese mission connected with the Episcopal Church. We found a small Bible class of church-members, taught by one who had been in China and could speak in Chinese.

A couple of days of rain kept us confined quite closely in the hotel but on Wednesday we called an auto and took a ride through the beautiful park for which the city is noted—a national park, with a circuit of twelve miles. Here are large trees, one being sixty-four feet in circumference, and said to be two thousand years old.

There is also a hollow tree which is almost like a small room inside.

From here we went to the shore, where are some good beaches for bathing.

We saw some pretty residences, and visited Chinatown, which is no larger than Chinatown, New York City.

Thursday morning, September 27, dawned foggy and rainy, and our feelings were worse than the weather; but with all the courage we could command we entered a taxi, and were driven rapidly to the steamer.

The Empress of Russia lay at the dock, a huge, gray monster, with her three smoke-stacks rising above high decks. She looked an unwieldy thing; but once we were on board, our feelings changed.

Our stateroom was the largest and best we had ever occupied. All the furnishings seemed to be designed for beauty and comfort combined. The lounge was as luxurious as a drawing-room in the finest hotel, and with its open fire of bright coals, made one forget where one was.

There was a Filipino band on board, which played acceptably, even before we started.

The custom-house officer who examined the baggage before it was put on board, was most courteous; and on being assured by us that we had no fire-arms or explosives, and being told by the hotel porter that we were from the hotel, set his mark upon our baggage

and allowed it to be put on board without subjecting us to a requirement that it be opened.

At five minutes to three the gong sounded a warning to visitors to go on shore; and a few minutes past three the gangplank was drawn onto the dock, and we moved slowly away from the pier.

LETTER NO. III

THE Empress of Russia was filled to her full capacity. As usual there were all kinds of people. A goodly number of Japanese, men, women, and children, returning to their native land; a large number of missionaries; some English army officers; Filipinos; and many others, we know not who or whither bound.

One dapper little Filipino, wearing a large wrist-watch somewhat resembling a small clock, made himself quite agreeable; as did also a young student, a native of the same place, who had been in the States four years taking a medical course, but was returning home, at the beginning of his junior year, to see his sick mother.

We reached Victoria about 8 p. m., where the boat stopped for about two hours, and we mailed our last letters home.

So far we had been scarcely conscious we were on a boat or moving at all, it had been so steady; but we had been in the bay and had reckoned too soon. A paper bought at Victoria announced that a severe gale was sweeping the coast, and we shuddered as we read it. By midnight we were conscious we had struck rough water, and before daylight we were pitching miserably.

The following day and night it continued without abatement. We went up, up, until we wondered if we were going to the moon; then down, down, till we tried to estimate how far it was to the bottom. We were sick and miserable; and questioned the sanity of any one, ourselves included, who would leave a comfortable home for the rolling sea.

Even one of the stewardesses and some of the waiters got sick, and the doctor admitted that there was a "very heavy sea."

We were blessed with a wonderfully kind and efficient stewardess and cabin-boy; the latter, as well as all the waiters, being Chinese. He told us he had been to sea sixteen years, and didn't get sick now, although he used to.

The next day, though painfully aware we were pitching, we realized that the water had grown somewhat smoother, and that we were not shipping seas as we had done the day previous. Our cabin-boy also announced that it was "little more better."

Sabbath morning, September 30, was clear and cold. We saw the inspection, on deck, of the entire crew by the officers. Afterward we attended divine service in the dining-saloon. The service of the Church of England was read by the captain. The British jack covered the table which served as a reading-desk.

Early in the morning of October 2, we passed the Aleutian Islands in the distance. They were barely visible, and not many were on deck to see them. It



Bird's-eye View of The Bluff, Yokohama



The Bluff, Yokohama

was much smoother and somewhat warmer; before this it had been very cold.

Wednesday, October 3, was the day we dropped from the calendar.

On Friday there were deck sports, followed by a concert in the evening; while Saturday evening there was a dance.

Sunday we awoke to find a smooth sea and the sun breaking through the clouds which the day before had obscured it.

Late in the afternoon we heard the news we were in sight of land; and going to the forward part of the ship, we beheld in the distance the purple line of the mountains.

While we looked, the sun dropped behind the clouds, which were transformed into a glory of gold, rose, and pale blue. It was a magnificent sight, that gorgeous sunset, with the mountains of Japan in the distance.

It was noon the next day, however, before we passed quarantine inspection and docked at Yokohama.

The glory of the evening had passed, and a heavy rain was falling, making everything muddy, wet, and nasty. There is really nothing else to express it. The Japanese coolies were wearing their quaint straw rain-coats and carrying big oiled-paper umbrellas. How used we became to this sight you will learn later.

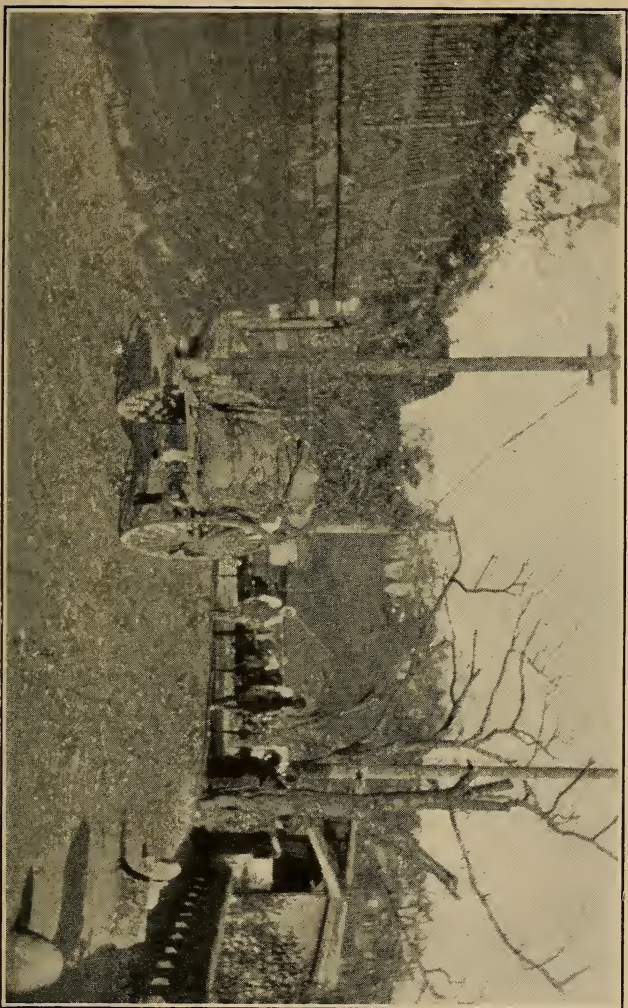
We were annoyed and delayed for quite a while by reason of not being able to locate one of our trunks; but finally it was found at the lower end of the dock

by Miss Munroe, from the Kemendine Girls' School, who had come to meet us; and we passed through the customs, our baggage being well searched by the Japanese examiner, who dove down into every corner, bringing to light every small package or box. Finally, however, finding nothing worthy of his notice, he passed on to the next victim, and we were at liberty to go.

New difficulties now arose. The cable we had sent Miss Munroe, before leaving Vancouver, had been delayed a week or so, and consequently she had been unable to secure for us the boarding-place which she had in mind. So as a last resort, we climbed into rick-shaws, and were buttoned in behind a rubber curtain; and thus protected, we made the steep ascent to the Bluff, and sought for accommodations at the Bluff Hotel, only to be informed that there were no rooms. The city of Yokohama was full of Russian refugees, and places were hard to get.

We decided to rest in the parlor and have tea; and while we were so doing, the lady who managed the hotel came in.

Possibly our dejected looks appealed to her; but at any rate, she said there were a couple of rooms which she had promised to some one else; but we might have them if we wished. Although they were not altogether to our liking, we needed no second bidding to take them, and found ourselves established in the place before nightfall.



Street at The Bluff, Yokohama

LETTER NO. IV

THE day after our arrival in Yokohama we spent visiting the shops, and found them most fascinating, with always something new to see.

It continued to rain. Some one remarked that those who thought Japan was a land of continuous sunshine and flowers, must have judged by the pictures they saw of the cherry-blossoms.

On Wednesday we visited the Mary Colby School for Girls, or as it is called in Japanese: "*Soshinjo gakko*."

It is situated a little outside of the city; and we went first by trolley, and then by rickshaw.

The roads were bad from the recent rains; but the sights were interesting. The school is on a hill; and at the foot our rickshaw men stopped, and we were obliged to climb the rest of the way; and some climb it was too.

We were just in time to see the girls at chapel. They came in two by two, very slowly, singing a hymn. When they were all in, they were seated. After the chapel service was over, they left in the same manner.

Miss Converse, the principal, kindly showed us around, and we saw the girls in their various classrooms, and visited the dormitory and other buildings.

After lunch with these kind friends, we started back; and it was raining again.

We were told that there was a typhoon expected that night, and that it was likely to reach us some time between ten o'clock and midnight. The people were very uneasy on account of a recent typhoon, just before our arrival, which had proved quite destructive. All shutters were securely fastened and windows closed. Some persons even did not undress all night, but were in readiness in case of trouble.

In our little book of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs" this night we read:

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.
Under thy wings, my God, I rest;
Under thy shadow safely lie.
By thy own strength in peace possessed,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

We wakened in the morning to find that the "dreaded evil" had "passed us by"; we had no typhoon.

Friday, October 12, we visited a Shinto shrine, about two miles away. It was situated on quite a high hill, and we had a good number of steps to climb to reach it.

There were many stone tablets, covered with Japanese inscriptions, and we obtained a fine view from the hill.

We also visited a park or garden, which reminded us of a children's playground at home; and there were



Torii at Shinto Shrine, Yokohama



Shinto Shrine, Yokohama

scores of schoolboys lined up there, being put through some kind of a drill.

On the way back we stopped at a small temple. We also saw a man making a wooden idol in one of the shops we passed; and were reminded of the words in Isaiah 44 : 16, 17.

The next day Miss Munroe called and took us up to Tokyo. It was an interesting ride of about one hour by train.

Everywhere we saw signs of the destruction wrought by the recent typhoon.

We visited a celebrated pearl shop first. The Japanese pearls are the cultured pearls; the people have learned the art of raising them from the oysters.

After this, we went to a large department store. At the door, every one was obliged either to remove their shoes, or have cloth socks put on over them (if foreign). We did not wonder, though, when we entered, and saw the floors all covered with beautiful Japanese matting, immaculately clean.

Here we saw wonderful silks and many attractive things. As there was a lunch-room here, we decided to get our lunch, and were much interested, as we ate, in watching the Japanese women and children who in turn were observant of us.

After lunch we visited one of the popular temples. This being Saturday afternoon, crowds were in evidence. The road leading up to the temple was lined on both sides with little booths, where all kinds of

things were on sale. It was the Coney Island of Tokyo.

We were objects of interest; and whenever we stopped at a booth a crowd immediately gathered.

The temple was at the end of this road, and there were also many small shrines scattered around.

We mounted the temple steps and entered. There were various places for worship; and in front of the most central place we saw many people kneeling. Most of them were old people; though there were some young women with little children. Their prayers seemed to be mostly short. They threw a piece of money into the coffer, prayed, clapped their hands to waken the god, and went away.

There was one god of healing that seemed to be much worshiped. The people come there with their ailments, rub their hands on the idol, already smooth from the oft-repeated friction, and then rub the diseased part of their bodies. We saw one girl rubbing her throat, and a woman her leg.

There were also paper prayers tied to a wire netting. These, we were told, were efficient only when tied on with the thumb and one finger; which we judged to be quite a difficult task.

Before another god, the god of the children, we saw many little baby garments left there by childless wives, who were praying for children.

We passed out of the temple, by the big bronze incense-burner, down the steps into the yard. Here we



Group of Schoolboys, Yokohama

saw a number of beggars. One, a man with a long beard, was squatting on the ground, with an emaciated child across his knees, and was repeating something over and over—presumably asking alms.

One sight we saw on our way home, which illustrated the difference between the Christian and the heathen. In the train, a well-dressed man was reading a Japanese Bible. That a man should be seen reading the Bible in a public place is rather uncommon, even in America, and we thanked God that the light had begun to shine for Japan.

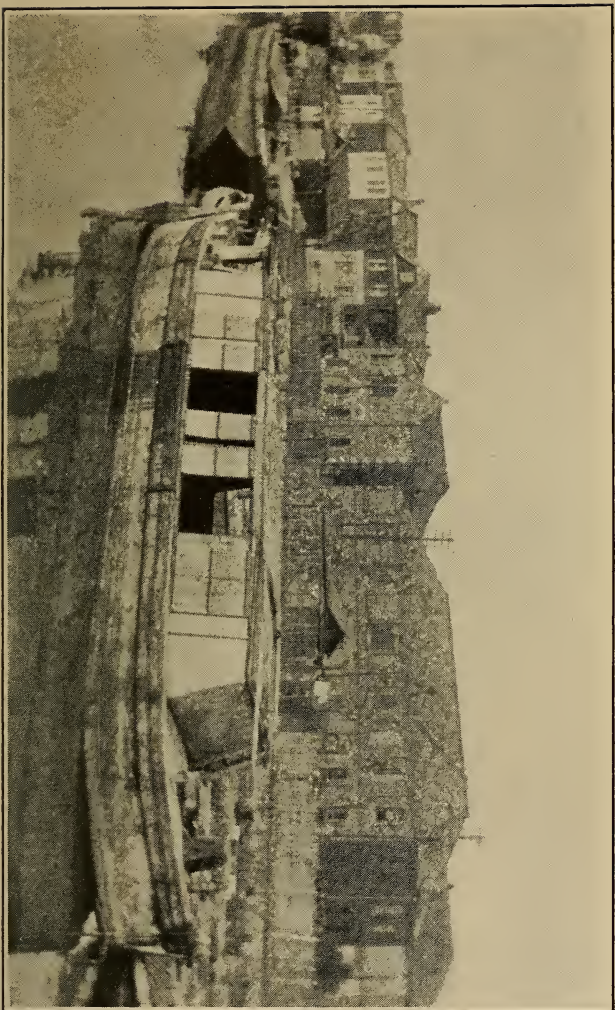
LETTER NO. V

OCTOBER 14, being Sunday, we attended the Union Church in the morning. In the afternoon we took a walk and stepped into the Catholic Church on our way home. Here we saw various kinds of people: Japanese, Chinese, and some of doubtful nationality.

As we came out, we heard the notes of a bugle, and just before reaching the gate of the hotel, we met a long procession of school children, who had been to Yokohama Park.

We stood while they passed by; and a pretty sight it was. First, came the larger boys, carrying guns over their shoulders; these were followed by the smaller children, boys and girls, down to the very little ones; all happy, laughing children. There were hundreds of them.

A little after 3 a. m., on October 17, we were wakened by an earthquake of considerable violence. The house shook, and the windows rattled; and although we knew Japan was noted for its earthquakes, we were decidedly glad when it was over. We felt two others of less violence in the time of our stay. We wished we might have visited Japan at the season of cherry-blossoms and wisteria, as we always see it



Canal Scene, Yokohama

pictured, instead of at the time of typhoons, earthquakes, and rain. For the rain continued.

These two extremes in Japan have been graphically set forth in two little poems called "The Optimistic and Pessimistic Versions of Fair Japan." The Optimistic Version is as follows:

Oh, fair Japan; Oh, rare Japan;
Thou land of ancient trees,
Where lotus-blossoms fringe thy paths
And perfume every breeze.

Where lilies bend their fragrant heads
To kiss thy plashing streams,
And dark-skinned Musurves, almond-eyed,
Wake long-forgotten dreams.

Thy hills, crown-capp'd with sacred groves,
Enclose thy gilded shrines;
In grottos where the iris blooms,
Droop sweet wisteria vines.

Mysterious languor seems to hang
O'er mountain, plain, and rill;
An unreality of life,
Does all the senses fill.

Thine ancient shrines to Buddha blest,
Glinted with golden fire,
Proclaim a soul-sustaining rest,
And ecstasy inspire.

Oh! sweet it is to dwell with thee,
"Land of the Rising Sun,"
Where beauty, age, and mystery
Combine themselves in one.

After reading this, try the Pessimistic Version, and choose for yourselves :

Oh, hang Japan; oh, dang Japan,
A land of gnats and fleas,
Where noisome odors fill the air
And float on every breeze.
Where men run naked in the streets,
Wear spectacles for clothes,
And old and young, and rich and poor,
Eschew the use of hose.

Oh! land devoid of knives and forks,
Of tables, chairs, and beds,
Where women black their teeth, and shave
Their little babies' heads.
I've had enough, I have no use
(A quiet New York man)
For all this nude simplicity
Careering round Japan.

I've had enough of cloisonné,
Of ivory carvings too;
Of ancient, rare, Satsuma jugs
(Which probably are new);
I hate the sight of Buddha fat,
He's too infernal calm;
And temples, shrines, red lacquer ware
And Daimios I damn.

Boy, bring my clothes up from the wash
As quickly as you can,
Sir Edwin Arnold writes of bosh
A lot about Japan.
I'm shivering cold, I'm wringing wet,
I've been an idle dreamer;
To Yokohama let me get,
And there thank God! a steamer.



Chinese Village on the Way Up the River



River Scene

That afternoon, in company with Mrs. Fisher, one of the missionaries, we attended a bazaar held at the Young Women's Christian Association.

The rooms were attractive, and the bazaar called together a good crowd of people. Their articles were pretty and attractive.

Thursday, October 18, was rainy in the morning; but as it broke away just before noon, we decided to take the trip to Kamakura which we had been postponing in hopes of a fair day to take. When we had finished our early lunch, the clouds had begun to return; but we decided to go just the same. It was about a fifty minutes ride by train.

Reaching Kamakura, we took rickshaws, visiting first the two temples, one of which is very ancient, dating from the end of the twelfth century. The approach to this temple, which is called the Hachiman Temple, is quite imposing and picturesque. One passes through three torii, and across a pretty stone bridge, and then ascends a long flight of stone steps to the temple itself. On the left of these steps as we ascended we saw a very old icho tree, nearly twenty feet in circumference, and said to be over a thousand years old. This temple is dedicated to the god of war; and in it are many implements of war.

The other temple, the Hase-dera, contains a great image of the goddess of mercy. This is behind folding doors, and can only be seen indistinctly by the light of a few candles, which the priest moves up and down.

It is made of brown lacquer, gilded over, and is thirty feet high.

The Diabutsu, or big image of Buddha, for which Kamakura is specially noted, we visited last.

This huge bronze image is forty-nine feet and seven inches high, and ninety-seven feet in circumference. The face is over eight feet long, and the eye nearly four feet long. The circumference of the thumbs is three feet. It is hollow inside, and one can enter, going up nearly to the neck. In the head is a small shrine.

When we reached the train, rain began to fall ; and by the time we alighted from the trolley in Yokohama, it was descending in torrents. We climbed the muddy, slippery hill leading to the hotel, the rain running from our umbrellas into our shoes.



River Scene



River Boats

LETTER NO. VI

ON the twenty-second of October we got our first view of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. We had tried many times to see it; but it had been hidden behind banks of clouds. This was not an altogether clear view of it, for clouds were at the base; but the snow-capped summit rose above, showing clear against the sky.

The following day we visited the Bluff Gardens. There were not many flowers in bloom at this season of the year, only a few cosmos; but the lawns and shrubbery were beautifully kept.

A company of schoolgirls, of about high-school age, were enjoying their recess in the gardens while we were there. How they did run and chase each other and frolic. We pointed to our camera and asked them if we might take their pictures; they nodded and then posed very prettily for us. When we had finished, they laughed and clapped their hands, seeming pleased at what we had done; then they called "Good-by" and scampered away.

We enjoyed two blissful days of sunshine, then came a day of clouds, and the next morning the torrents resumed their steady fall. The water ran from the gutters as from a faucet; and some one desiring to

catch rain-water, filled a pitcher in about one minute. The following day the weather cleared, and it was uncomfortably warm in the sun.

Monday we had a most enjoyable lunch with the Fishers; and Tuesday, October 30, the S. S. China reached Yokohama. She came in early in the morning, bringing an addition to our party; and in the evening we all went on board, ready to sail at seven the next morning.

The day dawned free from rain and the sea was smooth, giving us a comfortable trip to Kobe, which place we reached the following morning about nine o'clock.

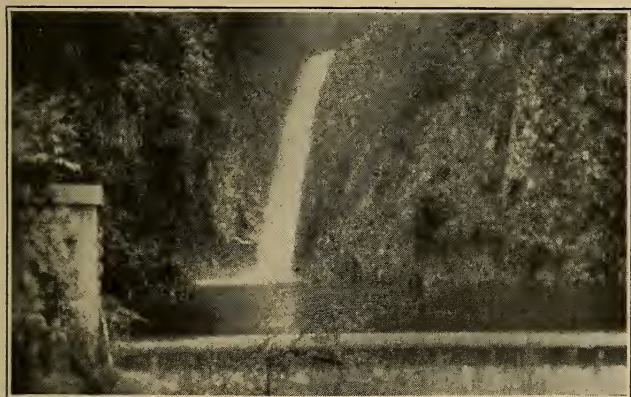
As the steamer was anchored at a buoy in the harbor, we went ashore in a tender, and taking rickshaws, visited first, some of the stores, and then one of the temples; after which, we went to the home of Doctor Thomson, one of our missionaries, whose guests we were to be for lunch.

His home is delightfully situated on Kitano Cho, Nichome, on the side of a hill, from which is obtained a wonderful view of Kobe and the harbor, where lie many ships; while in the rear rise the mountains which make Kobe so beautiful.

The Thomsons had supposed we were to be their only guests; but there being a number of missionaries on board the China, quite a few of them found their way to this spot; and the Thomsons, the most hospitable of people, invited them to stay; so that thirteen of



Entrance to Temple, Kobe



Waterfall, Kobe

us sat down to the table, and Mrs. Thomson, like Martha of old, served. As we sat down at the table, one of the unexpected guests remarked, "It must be a great pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Thomson to have a few friends drop in on them this way." But whether it was a pleasure or not, they certainly made every one feel most welcome; although we knew neither of them was well at the time.

After lunch we visited a beautiful waterfall and then returned to the steamer, which sailed at midnight.

The following day we passed through the Inland Sea of Japan, the beauties of which are indescribable; and at sunset we reached one of the most beautiful parts, called "The Narrows." The sea was full of little fishing-boats; and at this place the lights from the different lighthouses glimmered and sparkled in the twilight, like brilliants upon the bosom of the deep.

We passed through the narrow opening just as darkness settled down, leaving Moji on the left, and Shimonoseki on the right, both gleaming with scores of twinkling lights.

The next morning we reached Nagasaki, and again went on shore by launch.

There was little of special interest in this place; but we took rickshaws for a trip to the little fishing village of Mogi, about four and a half miles from Nagasaki. As the way was over the mountains, we

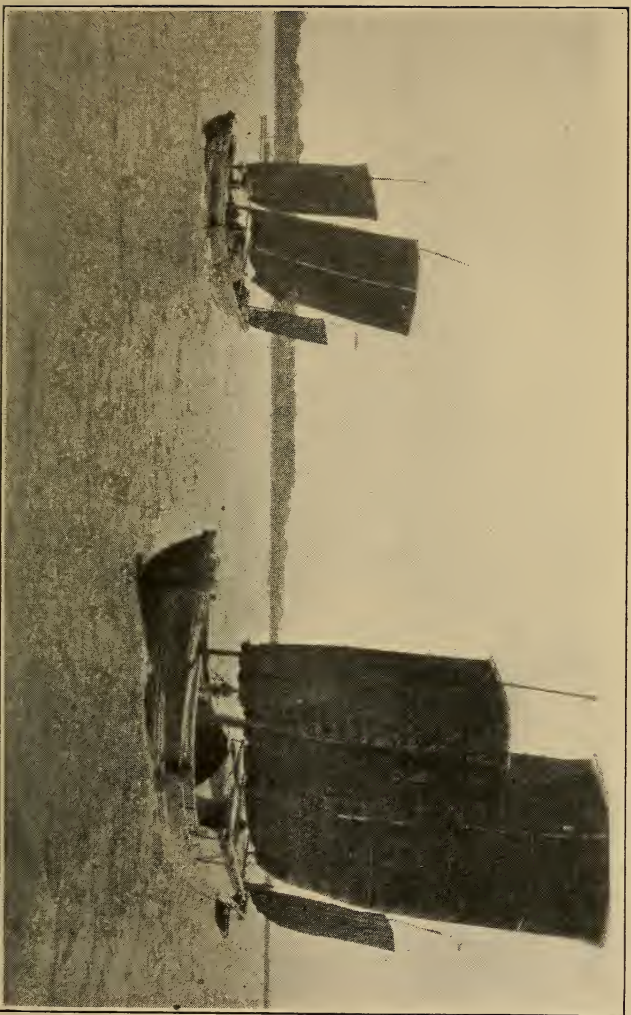
had to have two men for each rickshaw, a pushman as well as a pullman.

The trip was the most wonderful of any we had taken in Japan. We not only obtained a fine view from the mountain, but saw much of the rural life of Japan.

We passed through many magnificent groves of bamboo, past babbling brooks and trickling waterfalls.

Mogi itself is a quaint little village, with narrow streets and no sign of anything other than Japanese. We saw many fishing-boats of the sampan type. On the way many of the little children laughed and waved their hands, calling out "Ohio" (good morning).

On the way back we stopped at some of the stores in Nagasaki, to purchase some shell goods, this being the place where most of the tortoise-shell work is done.



Woosung

LETTER NO. VII

THE following day was Sunday. In the morning we attended divine service. In the afternoon the sea grew rough and continued so until we reached Woosung, early the next morning. Even there the waters were lashed by the wind, and the tender that came out to meet us, bobbed up and down wildly; and while we were crossing the gangplank to go aboard, a wave of unusual violence struck us in the face and drenched us on one side.

It was cold as well as windy, and even sitting in the lee of the smokestack we were so uncomfortable that we were glad to seek the surer shelter of the cabin.

How glad we were to reach the jetty, and there find a welcome from Mr. Stafford, Mr. Kulp, and others; and in Mr. Kulp's auto to proceed to the missionary home!

The following morning we visited the school for Cantonese girls, conducted by Mrs. Bryan, where one hundred girls are in attendance. They sang very sweetly, repeated a couple of psalms, and then went through some vigorous calisthenics.

In the evening we had a call from Mr. Kulp and Doctor Huntley, who explained to us the new Yangtse-poo settlement work, among the mill-workers.

On Thursday, November 8, we took the two-fifty (or as it is given in the time-table, 14.50) train for Hangchow, a ride of four and one-half hours.

The first part, being by daylight, was very interesting, as we passed through prosperous farming sections and villages, by canals and cemeteries, and in sight of towering pagodas.

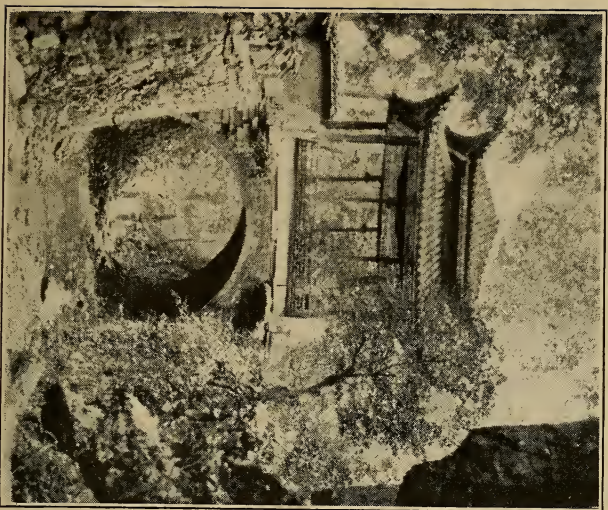
We traveled second-class, as do nearly all foreigners. Our traveling companions interested us, though we attracted but little attention from them.

We were met at the Hangchow station by Mrs. MacKenzie and her son Kenneth, and after passing a superficial customs examination and giving our card to the inspector, we took rickshaws for the Union Girls' High School, where Miss Peterson, the principal, met us on the steps.

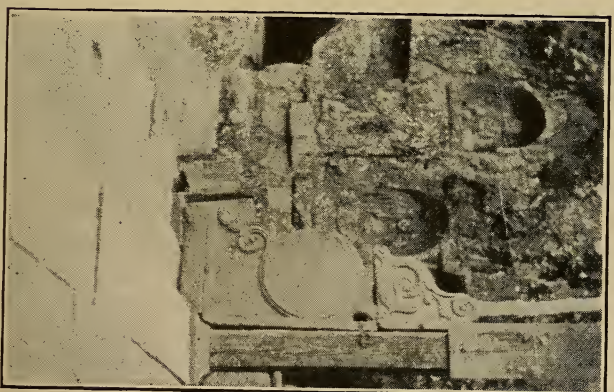
It is a beautiful compound, surrounded by a wall with gate-house at the entrance.

We had heard much of the wonderful chrysanthemums of Japan; but here we beheld them finer than any we had seen in Japan; while asters, morning-glories, and other flowers were still in bloom, though it was raw and cold, and the following day proved to be rainy as well. However, we could not afford to waste the day entirely, as our time was limited; so taking rickshaws, we went forth on a shopping expedition, visiting silk shops, the famous fan shop, and a jeweler's.

The next morning the sun was shining, and getting



Bridge on the Way to Ling Ying Temple,
Hangchow



Images of Buddha Cut in the Rock
Near Ling Ying Temple, Hang-
chow

an early start, we crossed West Lake in boats, and proceeded by rickshaws to Ling Ying Temple, a very ancient temple, which has been recently rebuilt.

Before reaching the temple itself we came to a cave, around which were rocks carved with numerous figures of Buddha. There is also a small hole in the top of the rock which forms the roof of the cave, through which the image of Buddha was said to have fallen. After passing this cave, we ascended some steps and reached the temple itself.

Here were some very large gilded images of Buddha, as well as smaller ones. In a long building, at one side of the temple, there are five hundred idols of various sizes and descriptions; these also are gilded.

The ride to this temple was through the country districts and over very rough roads.

Pilgrims come from long distances to worship here. We saw some women who said they had come one hundred miles; while beggars held out their baskets, entreating us for money. They were mostly either very young or very old.

At one place where were a number of straw huts, many children ran out and followed us, holding out their baskets and beseeching the "Honorable foreign lady" to "Do a good deed."

The trip was a wonderful experience.

LETTER NO. VIII

SUNDAY, November 11, was bright and cold. There had been a frost in the night, but the chrysanthemums in the garden still remained. In the afternoon we visited a number of little Sunday Schools, held in different parts of the city.

We went first to the place where the schoolgirls, who go out to teach in these schools, assembled and had a short service before going out. The schools themselves were made up mostly of small children from the streets. Probably nearly, if not all, were from heathen homes.

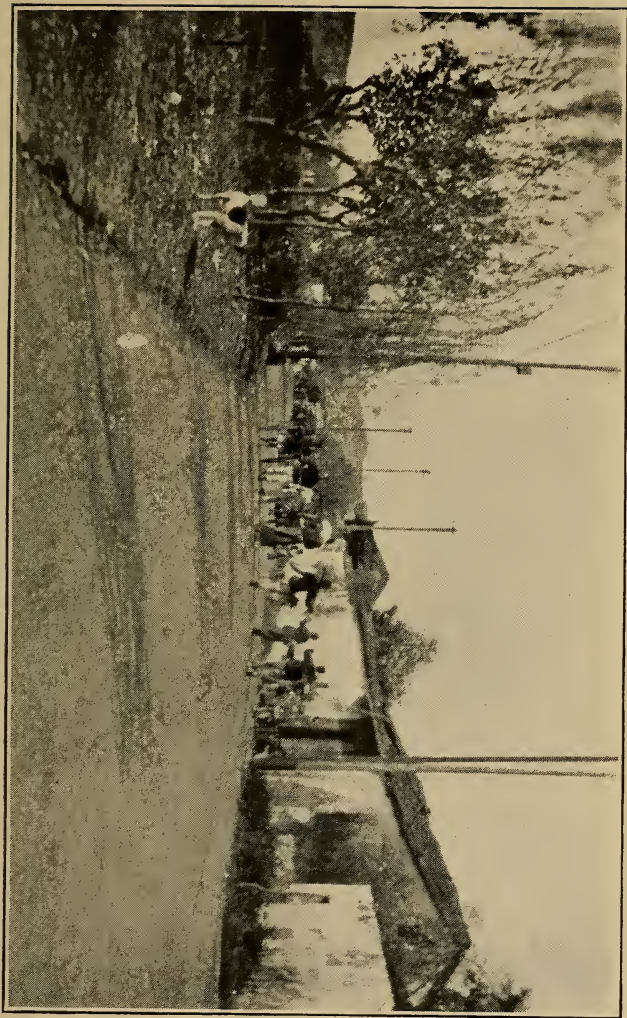
They began by singing; and in every school we heard that song, which has perhaps been translated into more languages than any other, "Jesus loves me."

Afterward we went to Mr. Sweet's little chapel. Here were a few grown people as well as children.

We ended by attending a memorial service for Mr. Sweet, held in the pretty new Baptist church.

The church was tastefully decorated, and every one was presented on entering with a white paper rose to wear as a badge of mourning, and at the close of the service with a picture of Mr. Sweet.

This faithful servant of God entered into rest after



Street in Hangchow

twenty-seven years of labor for Christ in China. He was the founder of Wayland Academy, and the boys of that school attended in a body; many of them were moved to tears by the words spoken by the Chinese evangelist, who was himself nearly overcome by emotion. Near the close of the service a large picture of Mr. Sweet was unveiled.

After the service we had dinner at Mr. Moore's old house, with Mrs. MacKenzie and Kenneth and Professor Ewing, and one or two other invited guests.

Just as we were thinking of going home, we were told that there was a large fire not far away. Accordingly we all went. It proved to be quite a disastrous fire, and numbers of families were made homeless.

We saw them carrying furniture and bedding to places of safety. They had practically no apparatus to fight the fire.

Monday, November 12, we returned to Shanghai, Mrs. MacKenzie with us.

Thursday we visited the oldest cotton-mill in China. We saw the raw cotton, and followed it through the entire process, till it was made into cloth and folded ready for market.

There were many women and children employed there. The women weavers were said to be the best paid of any women in China, receiving forty cents a day.

When we asked the question as to the minimum age at which children were employed, they replied they had

none under six years, which would be equivalent to five years by our way of reckoning.

After visiting the mill we went to the Shanghai Baptist College, where we had tiffin with Doctor and Mrs. White.

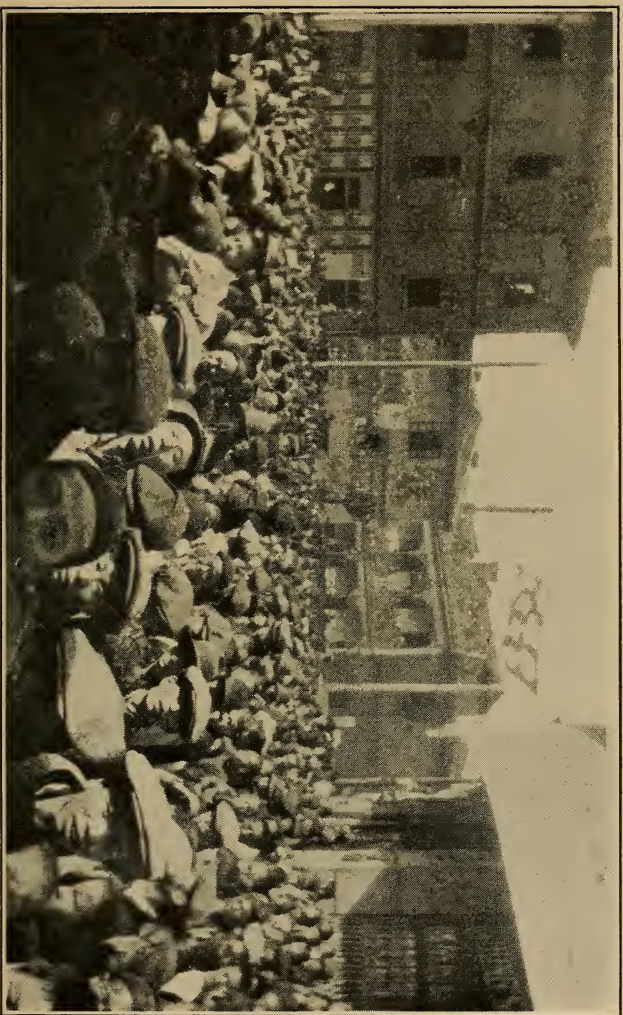
On Sunday, November 18, there was held the largest Chinese funeral ever known in Shanghai.

The man was Shen Kong Pao, a former high official under the Manchus, who had been dead for two years; but as is often the custom in China, considerable time had elapsed before the funeral, while the family waited for a propitious day.

He had been regarded by some as the prime cause of the first revolution in China; he was immensely wealthy, being the owner of the Hanyang Iron Works, mills, and railroads; but on account of political troubles he had been obliged to mortgage these to Japan, to which country he himself was banished for a number of years, returning to China only a short time before his death.

The cost of this funeral was two hundred thousand dollars. There were banners and flowers of all descriptions, hired mourners, and all kinds of paper offerings to be burned at the grave. There were bands of music and mounted escorts, and things that no foreigner had ever dreamed of.

The catafalque was a most magnificent affair, covered with red satin, heavily embossed with gold dragons and various other designs. The dragon was



Crowd in Street in Shanghai Waiting to See Funeral Procession of Shen Kong Pao

the five-clawed one, which can be used only for the royal family; and the carrying poles were also red. This was the same one that was used for the empress dowager, her son, and Yuan Shi Kai. It was carried by thirty-two carriers, robed in gorgeous red satin embroidered robes; these bearers being relieved at intervals by thirty-two others.

The next day we saw another funeral, as different from this one as it was possible for two funerals to be—a poor man this time. The coffin was an ugly black wooden affair, suspended by ropes from a pole in the hands of two men. A man walked ahead with a Chinese gong for music, and heading the procession the never-absent bunch of spirit money. There were one or two gaudy affairs, intended for ornaments; while the coffin was followed by rickshaws containing the mourners. There were no paid mourners, but the genuine tears were running down the cheeks of the relatives as they wept and wailed. One was an old lady, who we fancied might be the mother; another, who we thought might be the wife; and numerous little children. They had the coarse white cotton cloth bound round their heads for mourning.

We thought of the contrast, as far as outward appearances went, but knew both men had gone to meet their Maker, and death had made no distinction.

LETTER NO. IX

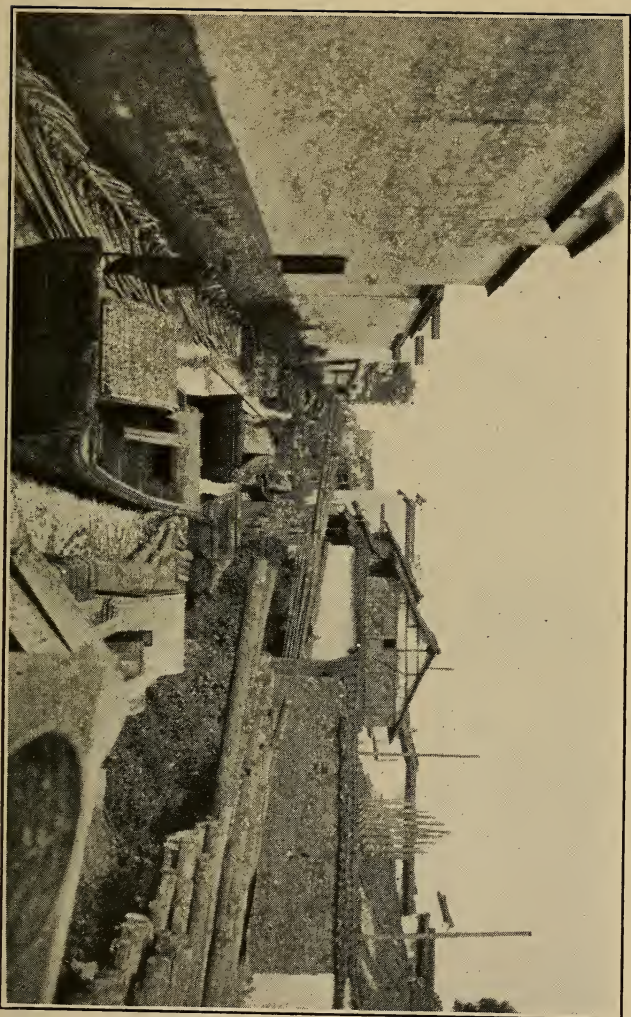
ON Monday, November 19, we left Shanghai, taking the train again to Hangchow, and spending the night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of the China Inland Mission. This Mr. Taylor is the eldest son of J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of this mission. It was truly a joy to meet them, and they did all in their power to make us comfortable.

In the morning we walked through the streets to the shore, where we took the launch, which was to carry us as far as Tonglu.

The scenery up this river is beautiful beyond description; the mountains rising on both sides; the river narrow and winding; the fall foliage; the temples and pagodas—all these give a variety and charm seen nowhere else.

One who has never seen anything of China except the coast cities, has seen but little; and visiting Hongkong and Shanghai is in no way seeing China. It is the interior which really shows one China and Chinese life.

At Tonglu we took the opportunity to go ashore and to walk through the village, as the boat in which we were to continue our trip would not start until the next morning.



Canal Scene, Hangchow

Hearing the sound of Chinese music, and following in the direction from which the sound came, we found one of those famous open-air theaters, where plays are carried on at certain times in connection with the heathen worship.

To us, who were unable to understand what was said, it looked like a lot of clowns performing, as the actors were all dressed in grotesque costumes, with either masks or painted faces, and danced round on the stage, brandishing swords and knives.

After watching this a short time, we walked through the principal street, lined with all kinds of shops and full of all kinds of smells.

Very early the next morning, while the stars were still shining, the boatmen, ten in all, were up and starting up the river.

The scenery grew more wonderful and beautiful as we entered that part of the river called the *loong*; on account of its winding shape like a dragon, which they call by that name.

We were two days going from Tonglu to Lanchi, where we left the large boat for a smaller one.

At Lanchi we visited the home of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, two ladies (one other having died recently), the only foreigners in the city.

We took a long walk through the city and back by way of the country, outside of the city wall.

The following day, about two o'clock, we saw the city of Kinhwa, with its wall and pagoda. Then we

passed under the thirteen-arched stone bridge and drew up at the steps where we were to land.

What a joy, after nearly three years' absence, to walk its streets again, and once more enter the mission compound and feel at home.

The next morning we visited the large temple called Fu Shin Wang Mieu, where they were holding their special worship, which occurs once in every three years.

The hideous idols, the yellow-robed priests chanting and beating gongs, the pictures of lost souls in the torments of hell, all made us realize that we were in a heathen land.

On our return our hearts were gladdened by a visit to the hospital, for there we saw the work that was being done in Christ's name for the suffering ones of China.

In the evening we attended a feast given by one of the Chinese doctors in our honor. It consisted of twenty-five courses. One must attend one of these feasts to appreciate it fully.

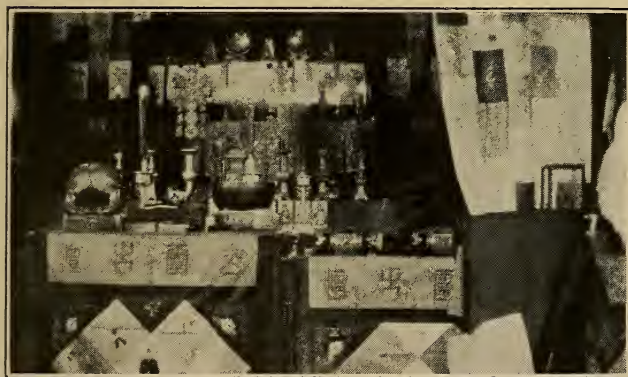
The next day being Sunday, we attended Sunday School and church at the Baptist church, and Sunday School in the afternoon, in the chapel at the dispensary.

After this we took a walk to the spot where the new church is being built, and then to the pagoda, the two extremes—the Christian and the heathen.

Another day we went to the temple alluded to above.



Kinhwa City Wall



Fu Shin Wang Temple

There were crowds of people, many of whom had come in from the country. The crowds welcomed us and urged us to eat, one woman even buying candy for us and continually asking us to eat it, which we dared not do. They felt it was an honor for us to come, and seemed extremely friendly.

They listened as some of the party spoke to them of the gospel, and then asked where they could hear it.

In the afternoon we sent the Bible-woman to talk to them and to distribute tracts.

Oh, the opportunities for seed-sowing if only there were more laborers!

LETTER NO. X

WE found it most touching, as well as interesting, to go down to the hospital dispensary at the hours when the patients came in. It reminded us of the days of old, when the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind came to the Master. We longed for power to help them all.

One day we saw a young girl, with a man who was probably her father. They had come in one hundred and twenty *li* (forty English miles), which is a long distance where traveling is so difficult. She had some bone disease, and the doctor was obliged to tell her that she could not be cured.

Our hearts ached for her as the tears filled her eyes when she realized that her journey had been fruitless; and we wished the Great Physician were again on earth to heal and bless.

The patients who come to the dispensary, and need further treatment, are sent to the hospital.

One day three men walked sixty *li* to ask for help for one of the outstations. It was about to be closed up for want of money to carry on the work. A Christian man from Hangchow offered to conduct meetings and do Christian work there for fifty dollars, Mexican, a year, including house rent; he to find his own rice.



Front View of Kinhwa Hospital, with Benches in the
Yard for the Christmas Celebration



Stage, and Schoolgirls Giving the Christmas Entertain-
ment in Hospital Yard, Kinhwa

He said he would rather work for less money and preach the gospel.

Two of the Christians in the place had been hiring him for two months and paying him themselves. They all looked very poor.

When we told them we would help them, one of the men raised his hand and said: "May Jesus bless you and give you his peace. There are many inquirers there and you will help lead them to Jesus."

Christmas Day dawned fair and cold. A fall of snow a few days previous made it seem really like Christmas.

After breakfast we went down to the hospital, and in the main ward held a Christmas service.

All the patients who were able, together with the doctors, nurses, and servants, were assembled there. First was the song, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," then reading in the Bible the story of the birth of Christ, by one of the doctors; prayer, and a few words spoken by an ex-preacher, who was a patient at the time, and then a beautiful Christmas-tree was brought in.

It was a wonderful sight to the sick ones; and they eagerly stretched up their heads to see it.

There were gifts for all; and though small, yet the smiling faces and shining eyes showed they were appreciated. Probably they were the first Christmas gifts any of the patients had ever received.

A bountiful dinner was served at Doctor Mac-

Kenzie's; and after dinner all of us foreigners had our pictures taken in a group. Our Christmas-tree was at the home of Miss Relyea. As we walked over through the narrow streets, and looked up into the sky, a beautiful star, of unusual brilliancy shone above, so grand, it reminded us of the Star of Bethlehem.

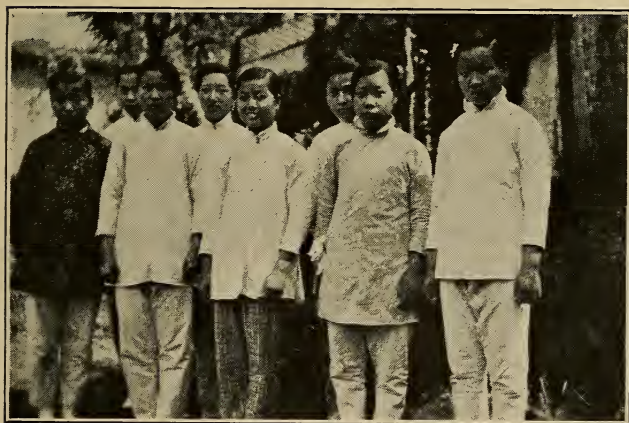
Before we gathered round the tree, we were serenaded by the schoolgirls, who stood on the porch and sang Christmas carols. Also ten little ones, wearing crowns, with beautiful stars on them, went through a star-drill. They all carried red lighted candles; and the effect was charming.

The tree was a genuine pine-tree; handsomely decorated, and well laden with gifts for all.

We could scarcely realize then we were in China; but as we walked through the Chinese streets on our way home, we became conscious once more that we were in the Middle Kingdom.



Boys' School and Teachers, Kinhwa



Class of Schoolgirls Studying English, Kinhwa

LETTER NO. XI

ON December 29 we left Kinhwa and started down the river for a trip to Canton. It was bitterly cold, and we nearly lost our courage and went back; but finally decided to persevere, and reached Shanghai on New Year's Day, 1918.

After a stay of six days in this city, days which were all extremely cold—we sailed on the Empress of Asia, January 7, for Canton, via Manila.

The wind was high when we went on board, but as we had to wait for the tide, we did not sail until three o'clock the following morning; by which time, although there was a little swell on, we managed to keep quite comfortable. The following day we noticed that the discouraging chill had gone from the air.

We sailed along by the Island of Formosa, which is two hundred miles in length and looks like a series of mountains, rising abruptly from the sea, showing peak on peak, some snow-capped, and some above the clouds. The sea was a deep blue, with whitecaps which glistened in the sun.

Formosa not only exports large quantities of tea, but also about four-fifths of the camphor used in the

world. It belongs to Japan, having been taken from China.

Three days after leaving Shanghai, where we were shivering with cold, we were uncomfortably warm. White suits appeared on deck, worn by all who were fortunate enough to have them. We were running down by the coast of the Philippine Islands, and Friday morning, January 11, we docked at Manila.

After a visit to the stores, we took an auto and rode out into the country. We saw many of the little native houses, set up on posts, the roofs being thatched with coconut leaves. We visited the military barracks; the old Spanish part of the city; passed the ancient churches, some of which looked nearly ready to crumble to ruins; the old city wall, with its arched gateways; the Philippine University, with its School of Medicine; the Hospital, Bureau of Science, and various other buildings.

The women were gaily, yet modestly attired, in the thinnest of garments. It was all picturesque.

On account of the heat, however, which we were told was cool for Manila, we were not sorry when at 3 p. m. the following afternoon, we steamed slowly away, though feeling some regrets to leave these beautiful islands.

As we passed out from among them, we saw the island round which Admiral Dewey sailed, thus gaining an entrance to Manila Bay, which led to our taking these islands from Spain.



River Scene, Showing Kinhwa in the Distance with
Arched Stone Bridge



City of Lanchi

The next day the sea was rough and choppy. We heard there were but eight in the dining-room at lunch; we ourselves were not there to see.

There were several distinguished people among the passengers: one a French general, splendid in his blue uniform; another, Lord Montague; and a third, Major Burgoyne, M. P., of the general staff.

Of the latter we saw considerable. He was a jolly, friendly sort of man, who had met with various experiences during life, and had been in the war from its beginning. He was recently from the Italian front, and was on his way to India. He did us many a kindness, the last one being to close a refractory steamer trunk, packed to its fullest capacity, by sitting on it and tugging at the straps. He finally accomplished it, strapped and locked it; and he was Major Burgoyne, M. P., worth his million.

We reached Hongkong Monday morning, January 14, and were made happy by seeing Doctor Chambers come on board. He had come from Canton on purpose to meet us. We sighed contentedly, and knew our troubles regarding baggage, passport, permit to leave the city, trains, etc., were at an end. He would attend to all; and he did, making it possible for us to leave for Canton the same day.

After lunching at a restaurant, we took the ferry across to Kow Loon; and boarded the 2.50 train for Canton, which we reached about 7 p. m.

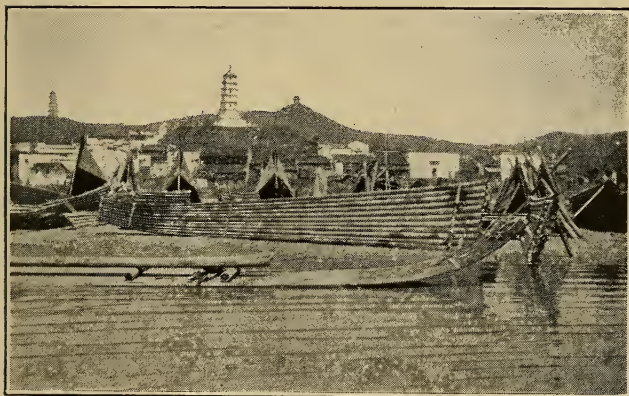
On the way our train ran over and killed a man.

His poor, mutilated body was placed in the baggage-car and brought to Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Speicher met us at the station in Canton and took us to their home, where we were to be entertained.



Home of Miss Ford and Miss Thompson, of the
C. I. M., Lanchi



Lanchi, Showing Pagodas

LETTER NO. XII

WE found the weather in Canton delightful, with neither the cold of Shanghai nor the heat of Manila.

Wednesday, Doctor Lung's family came to see us, bringing fruit and flowers. Thursday, we accepted an invitation to their home to dinner, and afterward visited the ivory, jade, and fan shops. Friday, we saw the boys of the Pooi Ching School drill, and then went to Doctor Chambers' to supper.

On Saturday, a party of nine of us went up White Cloud Mountain. We took rickshaws to the foot of the mountain, when most of the party made the ascent on foot, but two of us took chairs. It was a steep climb. Had it not been for the evident discomfort of the chair-bearers, we should have enjoyed this method of travel; but when one sees on the backs of the men the cruel marks made by the crosspieces which rest on their shoulders, one's pleasure is somewhat lessened.

This particular journey was exceptionally hard, being up, up, all the way. There were hundreds of steps.

The men prepared for the ascent by rolling up their trousers, and some of them stripped naked to the waist.

There were three bearers for each chair (although neither of us who rode was heavy), and the men groaned as they proceeded, while their labored breathing told us they were not doing it for effect as is sometimes the case.

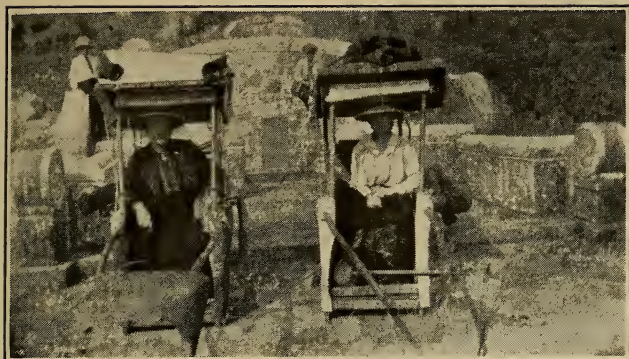
The mountain is literally one large burying-ground, being covered with graves of an expensive kind, similar to tombs in the side of the mountain. There were also small temples and shrines along the way.

Nearly at the summit, where our chair-bearers stopped, is a somewhat larger temple; and living here in seclusion we found a Buddhist priest. Shut away from the world, he devotes his time to the worship of Buddha. He was very kind to us, inviting us to come in and have tea. He also broke off some pink roses from a bush growing by his door, and presented them to us. The view from the mountain is grand.

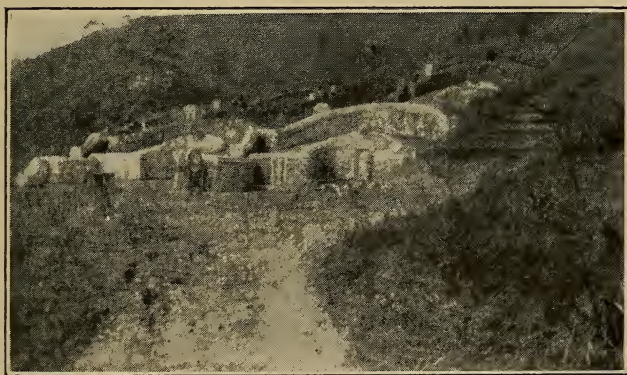
The descent was accomplished with more ease to the men, but less to us; for we had to brace ourselves in our chairs constantly, to keep from being thrown forward, out of our chairs.

Along the roadside, between the mountain and Canton, were crowds of beggars of every description, who ran along beside our rickshaws, holding out their baskets, and asking for money.

One of these brought before us very clearly the scenes in the Bible and of the Great Physician. The man was a leper. Most of his fingers were gone, and he ran up to us crying as did the lepers of old, "Have



Resting in Our Chairs on White Cloud Mountain



Graves on White Cloud Mountain, Canton

pity." How we longed to be able, as did Jesus, to put forth our hands and heal him.

Monday morning, January 21, we went into the city in company with Major Burgoyne (who had come up to Canton for a few days), Doctor Chambers' son Willie, and Doctor Lung as guide. We visited the old execution ground, where so many ghastly scenes had been enacted, though the place is no longer used for this purpose. They preserve, however, some bones and skulls in large jars to show as relics. From there, we went to see the old water-clock, said to be thirteen hundred years old; but it was disappointing when we saw it, after having heard so much regarding it.

After this, we visited the Temple of Hell, now somewhat dilapidated, but still used for worship, as we saw worshipers even then, bowing low before the burning joss. There are also many fortune-tellers in this temple, and in the rear, a restaurant and a theater.

Saturday, we went by launch down the Pearl River, about eight miles, to the military station of Whang Po, where we saw several Chinese gun-boats anchored. We went ashore at the village of Sun Chau, just opposite, which had recently been swept by fire, and was almost wholly destroyed. The people were doing their best to rebuild. We were especially saddened to see the only little chapel in the place in ruins, with no immediate prospect of its being rebuilt. It was a joy to us to be able to devise plans which set on foot the rebuilding of this house of worship.

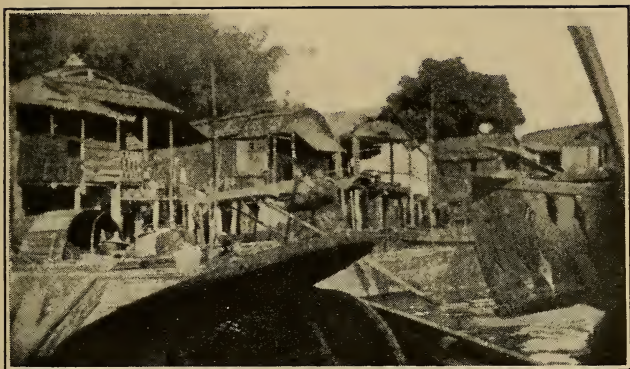
LETTER NO. XIII

ON Sunday we walked out a little way to what is called "The City of the Dead." Here we saw a fairly well-preserved temple, about five hundred years old, in which were numerous gilt idols in a good state of preservation; while beyond, were many small rooms, in which were placed coffins of the wealthy dead, awaiting a lucky day for burial. Some of these coffins had already been there several years, and would probably remain as much longer as the priest in charge thought he could get money from the relatives to pay the monthly rental of the room.

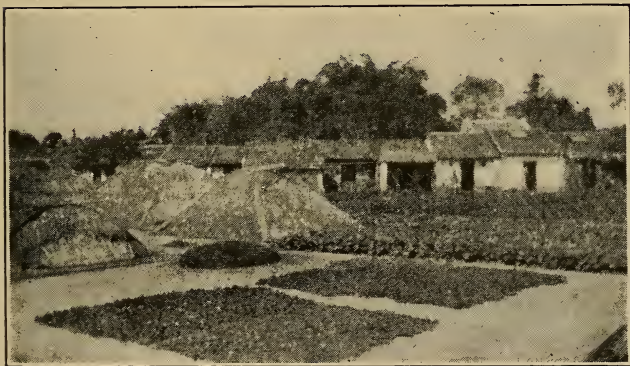
In front of these coffins were placed the offerings of food and wine, with the burning joss or small oil lamp.

We saw one coffin which had been brought from America, containing the body of a man who had died more than two years previous. In front of the coffin was a large portrait of the dead man.

We picked up a number of things which had been discarded in a room where the burial had already taken place. These included a vase, which had held the joss-sticks, old wine-cups, some ornamental lions, and an ancestral tablet. The priest said we might have them, and washed them for us. He was very



Homes of Boat People, Canton



Near Tung Shan, Canton.
Native Houses

courteous, showing us about and answering all our questions.

From this place of heathen worship and superstition we returned to the Baptist church, while the congregation were singing "The Great Physician," and listened to a fine sermon in Cantonese by Mr. Anderson, and thought of the wonderful difference between the heathen and the Christian.

In the afternoon we walked down to the river-bank and were rowed across the river in a little native boat, in company with Miss Coffee and four of the Christian schoolgirls, to attend a little Sunday School held for the children of the boat people.

The little room in which it was held might have been twelve by fifteen feet, with a still smaller one opening out of it where the older children were gathered together. There were forty present, not counting several babies who were strapped to the backs of children hardly large enough to carry them.

We have seldom seen such neglected looking little ones. Many of them were barefoot; nearly all, dressed in rags and very dirty; but they listened as the bright Christian schoolgirl talked to them, and sang very well "Jesus Loves Me."

After the meeting we went into one of the homes of these boat people, built on piles over the water. Of course the majority of these people live in their little boats by the river-bank; but a few of the more fortunate have little houses built in this way.

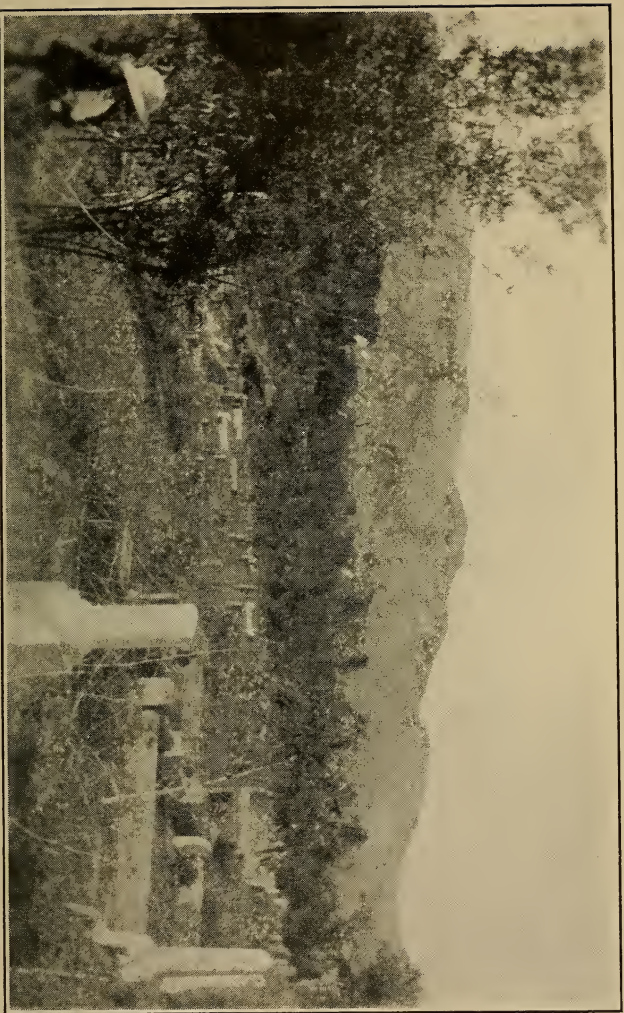
This particular home was the abode of the mother and sister of one of the smartest and brightest Chinese girls we have ever known, now a dentist in San Francisco, who built this home for them when on a visit to China, a few years ago. It was very neat and clean inside.

The girls who went with us on this trip seemed very zealous, one of them talking about the gospel to the woman who rowed us back.

February 11 was Chinese New Year. We took a trip into the city, all the way by chair, and found it most interesting. The streets had all been thoroughly cleaned, and the houses as well. Strips of red paper inscribed with Chinese characters, were posted over all the doors. Every one was out, dressed in their best. We passed many Chinese houses, and looking in could see the New Year's decorations.

In many instances the rooms were small, cheerless, and dark; a large number of them being without windows or any outside light, except what was admitted through the front door which opened onto the narrow, dark street. Some of the better homes, however, had a sort of skylight overhead.

The rooms were decorated with tinsel and paper ornaments, and sometimes a Chinese lily in full bloom added to the attractiveness of the interior. Also a small table was generally seen, set with fruit and candies; while joss was burning before the idols, which always occupy the conspicuous place in a heathen home.



Christian Cemetery, Canton

The air was fragrant with the odor of burning joss and sandalwood, and a great improvement to the odors which we found filling the air the time previous, when we had visited the city and the streets were being cleaned for New Year's, and the accumulated filth of a whole year was stirred.

We saw New Year's callers entering the homes, and both visitors and hostesses would bow and shake their own hands, saying, "Koong Hei" (Happy New Year).

We also saw the hopelessness of the poor and helpless in a heathen land; for while all these gaieties were going on in the homes, the beggars still begged in the streets; and among others, we saw an old man, clothed in rags, lying by the side of the road, shaking with palsy, and holding out his poor withered hand, crying to the passers by to "Have pity"; but the crowds moved on, apparently untouched by this most common sight. No poorhouses, asylums, or free hospitals for the unfortunate ones in China! Nothing but a beggar's life and a beggar's death, and no hope beyond!

LETTER NO. XIV

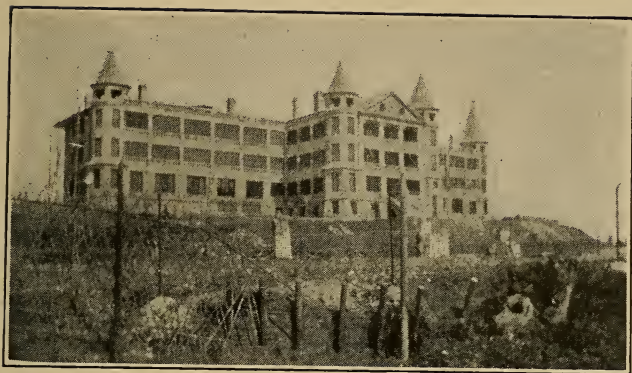
WE had several New Year's callers; eight on New Year's Day. But the New Year's celebration lasts almost a month, although the first week is the most important.

We had accepted an invitation from Doctor Chambers to spend the remainder of our stay in Canton with him; and were therefore brought into closer touch with the different schools, which were all nearer his house. The boys' school, called the Pooi Ching School, was almost directly opposite, across the street; and our hearts were frequently stirred by hearing the Christian hymns which these boys sang in their daily services; and the old familiar hymn, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," never sounded sweeter than when sung in Chinese by these boys.

While we were there, Doctor Chambers spent a week at Ying Tak, conducting special revival meetings; and although we were not privileged to be present, our hearts were made glad by the things he told us on his return, of these meetings so full of interest.

One or two incidents are well worth recording:

One man, of about forty years of age, heard the gospel for the first time at these meetings, and was deeply touched and truly converted. At the close of



New Kung Ye Hospital, Canton



Kindergarten School, Canton

the service he went forward and told Doctor Chambers he knew he had been listening to the truth, and wished to join the "Jesus church." Doctor Chambers baptized him with twelve others before he left—three women and ten men.

One was a young lad of sixteen, who had already suffered persecution for Christ's sake, having been beaten and abused by his uncle, but had stood firm. He took great interest during these meetings in trying to lead others to Christ.

In addition to the thirteen who were baptized, there were about thirty inquirers.

On Saturday, February 23, we went on the launch to Sun Chau, the place already referred to, where fire had destroyed the village; but this time it was to attend the dedication of the little chapel in which we were so interested, and which had been built on the site of the one that had been burned.

They had worked until ten o'clock the previous night to finish the preparations, and it was as neat and pretty as a little street chapel of that kind could be.

To a foreigner, it was exceedingly simple; but to the people of this village it was beautiful, and the little benches which served for seats were all they expected.

We were led to the front of the room by the Bible-woman, and seated in a comfortable chair facing the audience, and in front of the platform.

The room was crowded, many standing round the door.

The services began with singing "Beulah Land," which was followed by prayer, and then singing "Gospel Bells." Doctor Chambers made the principal address, and we were called on to say a few words. Two Chinese preachers from Canton also spoke briefly; then came more prayers, and the Doxology was sung in closing.

As we lingered in the room after most of the people had left, a woman with a baby in her arms came and looked in. The baby was broken out with small-pox. She was but a few feet from us; but one constantly meets this in China. It only serves to make one realize more than ever the wonderful protecting power of the heavenly Father.

February 25 we went to an elaborate feast given in one of the restaurants, in honor of the engagement of Doctor Lung and Miss Hoh, the daughter of an army physician. She herself was a teacher in the girls' school. There were four tables of guests, each seating eight people, and every one seemed in gay spirits, the engagement being most pleasing to both families.

It was one of the most beautiful evenings we saw in China; being the fifteenth of the Chinese month, and consequently full moon.

On March 9 we attended a noon wedding at the Tung Shan Church, the bride being one of the school-girls.

She was brought to the church in a chair covered with flowers, and walked down the aisle led by a



Dedication of Chapel, Sun Chan

Chinese woman and followed by the bridesmaids. The bridegroom met her in front of the pulpit. We could not see her face, as it was nearly hidden by the pink silk which served as a wedding-veil.

The service began with the singing of a hymn by the congregation; and concluded with "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me."

LETTER NO. XV

ON Sunday we witnessed a baptismal service at the church. There were several candidates: one a man of middle age, with a kindly happy face; the others, girls from the school.

A little more than a week later we learned that one of these dear girls had been taken out of the school and also cruelly beaten by her mother, because she had become a Christian. One of the teachers thought the mother did not know of the girl's baptism, as she had said she would kill her if she were baptized. How much some of these native Christians have to suffer for the faith! We could but think of the old hymn, so applicable in these cases:

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead
I'll follow where he goes.

March 26, with sad hearts, we bade good-by to Canton and those who had become so dear to us there, and taking a boat, proceeded to Hongkong, where we arrived the following morning, in a drizzling rain, with a high wind blowing.

We shuddered as we thought of what awaited us, when we should leave the shelter of the harbor; but



Lanchi



Steps Down to the River, and Woman Washing

our passage was engaged. So we boarded the S. S. Columbia with what bravery we could muster, and sailed before noon.

We went to the table for tiffin, but left hastily, and were glad to keep in the seclusion of our cabins for a while.

We arrived at Shanghai on Saturday, the day before Easter; on the Lord's Day we not only attended church in the morning, but in the evening were privileged to hear Miss Dora Yü speak in the Y. M. C. A. She has an earnest, consecrated spirit, and no one can estimate the amount of good she is doing for her own people. She spoke in very good English.

We remained twelve days in Shanghai, in doubt whether to sail for home or return to Kinhwa, and finally decided to do the latter, arriving there on April 15, after a beautiful trip up the river.

We had never taken this trip in the springtime before, and were charmed with the beauty of the flowers, especially the azaleas, which covered the mountainsides.

The following Friday we took a trip by chair to the caves, about twenty-five *li* from Kinhwa.

The scenery here, as we ascended the mountain where the caves are located, was grand beyond description. Here again we saw the pink and yellow azaleas, and also the purple wisterias. A rapid stream ran down the gorge, and various waterfalls added to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

The day was hot, but the cave, when we reached it, delightfully cool.

It was as large as many a city church, and contained a pool of water. On one side were some rudely carved images of Buddha and the remains of the joss which had been burned before them.

Here in the coolness, away from the sun and heat, we rested and had a picnic dinner.

Some of our party went on farther up the mountain, to another cave; but as it was impossible for the chairs to go any farther, and the climb was a hard one, we remained with some of the others in this place.

It was a long trip, but we would not have missed it.



View on the Way to the Caves

LETTER NO. XVI

SUNDAY, May 5, we took a chair ride of about twelve *li*, to our oldest outstation, that is Li Tang Hsia.

The day was perfect, being bright and sunny, but not hot. Our way led out of the city, across the stone bridge which spanned the river, into the country. We passed fields of waving wheat and barley (the winter crop), and of the young tender rice just growing up out of the mud and water (for rice always has to be planted in water); passed wild roses, morning-glories, buttercups, and many other flowers. The southern mountains rose before us in their grandeur, and the sky was blue above.

After about two hours, we drew near to the place; which fact was made known to us by the pastor's coming out to meet us: a very common custom in China when one is expecting guests.

This church was started about fifty years ago, and has something like forty members.

The building is old and dilapidated; the room inside about sixteen by twenty feet, with mud floor and walls, the latter having been whitewashed. For seats there were narrow benches without backs, somewhat resembling our sawhorses. The platform at one end

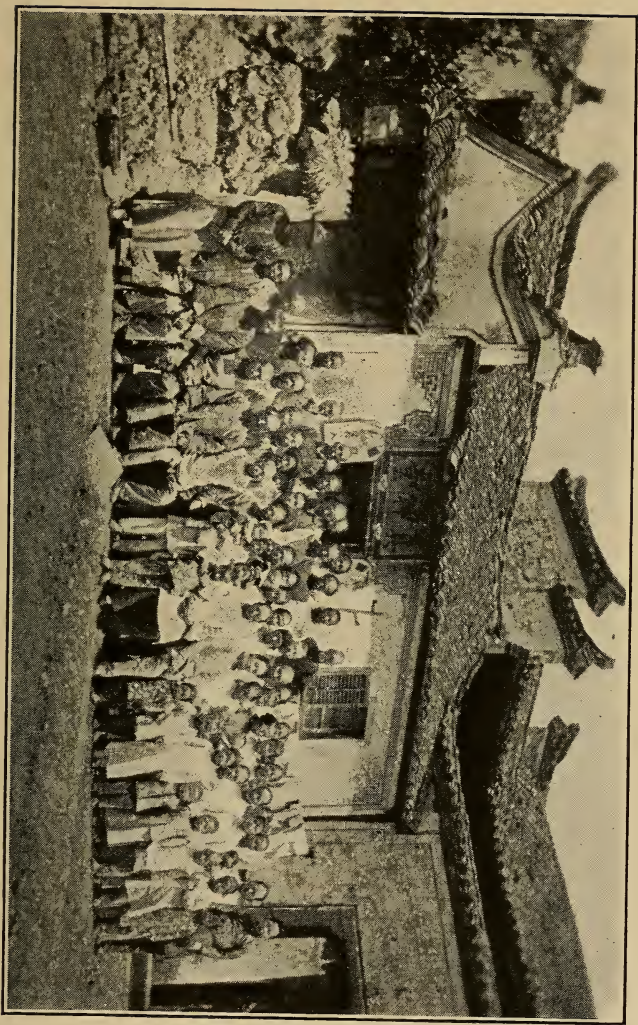
of the room tipped perceptibly if one stepped on one side of it.

Before the service we had the congregation come outside, and took a picture of them, which delighted them as well as us.

The preacher is a good-looking young man, a graduate of Shanghai Seminary, but not ordained. He and his family live in rooms adjoining the chapel. The roof to these rooms leaks so badly that when it rains hard, there is not a dry spot where the family can sit, and recently the water stood inches deep on the kitchen floor. One of the children has had pneumonia twice as a result of living in this damp place. The pastor receives a salary of seventeen dollars, Mexican, a month. The church-members have been praying for ten years for a new church (which would also include a home for the pastor).

The church-members are very poor, as one would know to see them; yet they raised fifty dollars last year, which must have meant self-denial to them. Many of them are old, and some have been tried in the fire, standing firm through the Boxer uprising of 1900.

Even lately the pastor's life has been threatened, and one of the members whom we saw that day, a Christian of only three years' standing, has been bitterly persecuted and threatened, because he refused to identify himself with the heathen life of the community by carrying a lantern in the parade to the idols.



Church and Members at Li Tang Hsia

He said, "You can kill me, but I will not carry the lantern."

In the afternoon the Lord's Supper was celebrated. As the preacher is unordained, they can only have the ordinance when some one comes who has authority to administer it. On this occasion it was Mr. Dickie, of the C. I. M. of Kinhwa, our own evangelistic worker having had to return to America on account of his wife's health. We had a full day with the three services, and returned to Kinhwa, tired, but feeling repaid for our effort by what we had seen.

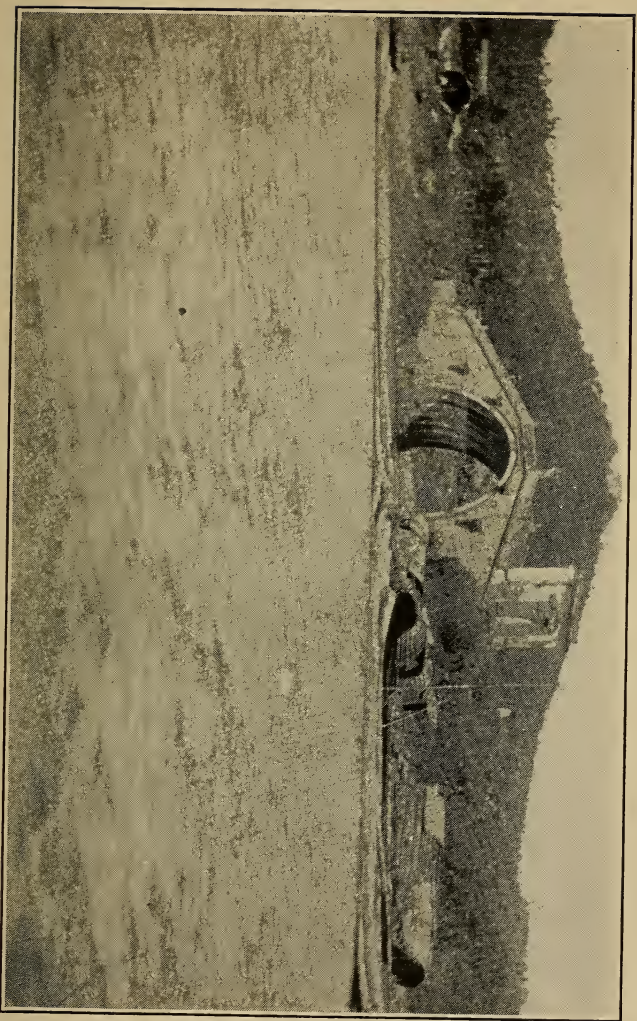
We might add here, that a letter received from the pastor of this church, in the summer, reported six baptisms, a number of inquirers, and the marked presence of the Holy Spirit.

On June 4 we once more left Kinhwa, taking the boat for Hangchow. There was a good-sized party of us, and we were en route for Mokanshan, to escape the heat, of which we had already had a sample. This trip was one of the most uncomfortable we had in China, owing largely to the numbers of fleas and other unmentionable insects, which made the night hideous and sleep well nigh impossible; but we remembered that "Even this shall pass away," and it did; for we found ourselves once more at Hangchow, where we took another boat for a night's ride on the canal, the first part of the way being on the Grand Canal.

Early in the morning we reached Sanjapoo, where we took chairs for Mokanshan.

It was a pretty ride, the first part of the way being across the plains, where we saw rice-fields and groves of mulberry-trees; passed through several Chinese villages and by little shrines for worship.

We reached Mokanshan about noon, in the rain, and found ourselves above the clouds.



Bridge on Canal Going Up from Hangchow

LETTER NO. XVII

THE next morning we looked out on a sea of clouds below us, with here and there a mountain peak visible above; but when the clouds cleared away, the scenery was wonderful. Some one has compared Mokanshan to Switzerland; and the former did not suffer by the comparison.

June being the rainy season, however, we had little else, for it rained almost incessantly. We thought we had never seen so much rain in our lives before, unless it was in Japan. Much of the time we lived above the clouds literally, if not in spirit.

With July came the heat, and we wondered how the people lived at all in the plains below, when it was so withering even there on the mountain.

There was a July Fourth celebration which nearly everybody attended.

Mokanshan is the summer home of many of the missionaries, who have cottages there, and in this way try to escape the prostrating heat. We therefore met many of these charming people.

For amusements they have fine tennis-courts and a swimming-pool. The walks are extremely pretty, being through the bamboos, but not easy, on account of being up or down steps nearly all the way. There is

very little level walking. We spent the months of June and July, and half of August here, leaving on August 14 for Shanghai.

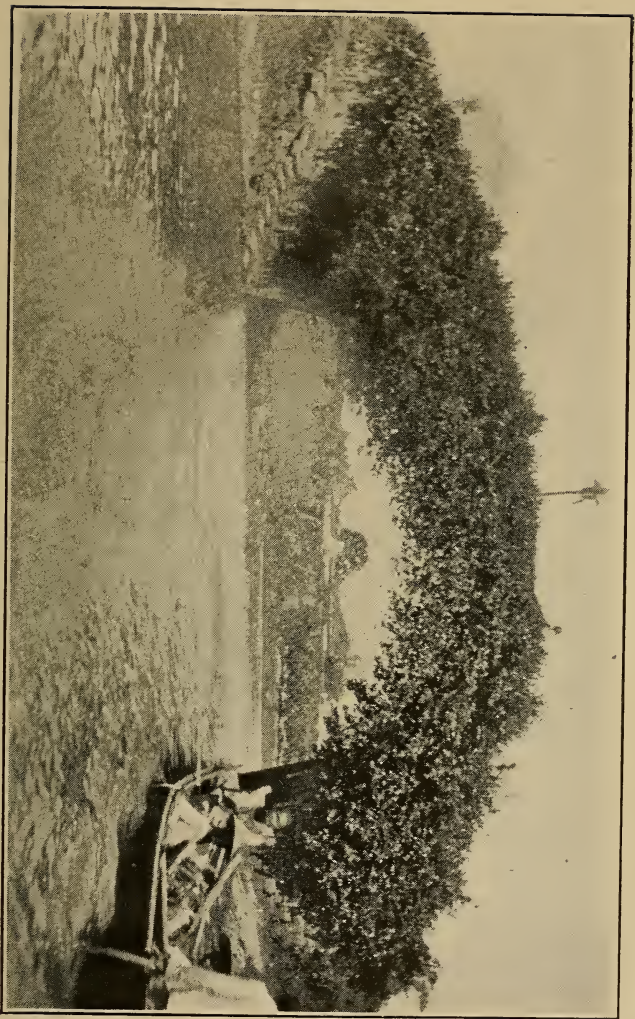
After a sleepless night, we rose at four o'clock in the morning, and were in our chairs at five. The first hour, descending the mountain, it was cool and beautiful. Down, down we went, through groves of bamboo and pine, wondering what would happen if our bearers should stumble; but we braced ourselves in our chairs as the men tripped down the steps at a lively pace, and reached the plains in safety.

The sun was up by this time, high enough to be felt, as we emerged from the sheltering coolness of the woods, and the rest of the way it was hot; but we made the trip in good time, two hours and a quarter to Sanjapoo.

Here we took a little launch, and for four hours were crowded into a small cabin. It was warm, but there was a good breeze, and we reached Hangchow about noon.

Here it was hot indeed; but kind traveling companions did all in their power to make things easy for us, and we were soon on the train, bound for Shanghai, which we reached about 7 p. m.

We were cheered on looking out of the car window, when we drew into the station, to see the smiling face of Mr. Sun, the porter from the Missionary Home, who was down to meet us, and proved himself, as he had often done before, most kind and helpful.



Bridge Across Canal, Between Hangchow and Sanjapoo

As the sun had set, it was cooler; and though we felt the heat, there was a good breeze stirring.

Shanghai seemed almost like home; and the next day brought us home mail and happiness; also the meeting with Mr. King of Canton, in Shanghai to meet his wife, who was expected to arrive from America in a few days.

One evening we attended a band concert at the Public Gardens, and found it comfortable, with a cool breeze blowing; but the following day was blistering hot, as even the residents of the city admitted; and from that time until we sailed for home, four weeks later, the weather was the worst of the whole summer.

One evening we took a ride down Nanking Road. It was at the close of an unusually hot day, and the streets were thronged with people. Most of them were Chinese, who were dressed in white.

The buildings were lighted with electric lights, and some of the larger ones handsomely illuminated, with rows of Chinese characters made with the lights.

Every evening the sidewalks were filled with people who came out from the little shops: men, women, and children, seeking a little coolness after the heat of the day. Little children were often seen sleeping on their mothers' laps, or in the arms of an older brother or sister; men slept in chairs, regardless of the passers-by; and every one seemed trying to get a little comfort after the prostrating heat.

LETTER NO. XVIII

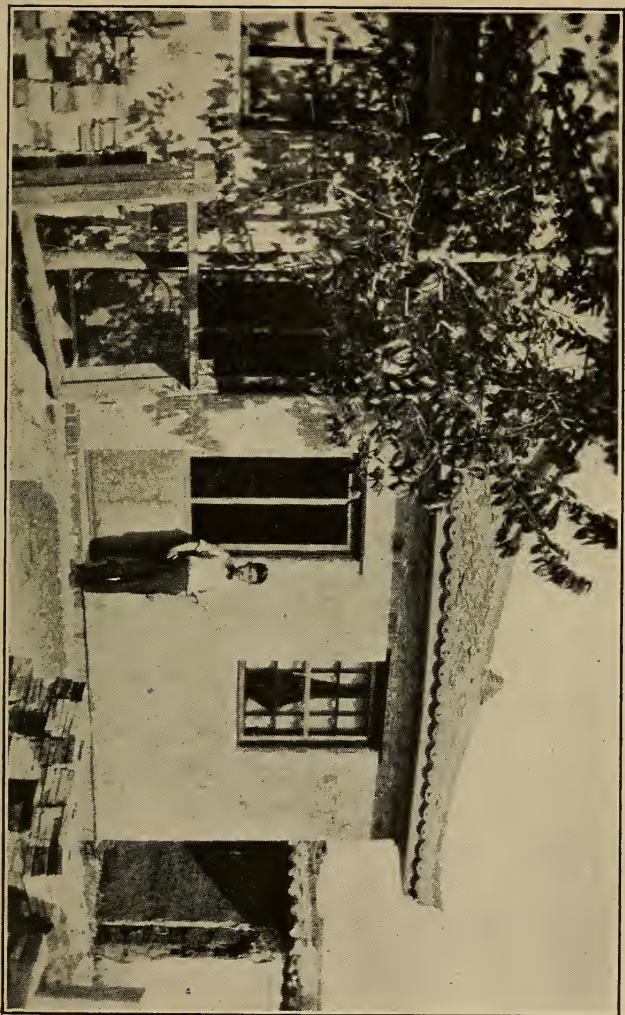
SUNDAY evening, August 18, we visited the Rickshaw Mission, in company with Mr. Matheson, its founder. Until he started this work, six years ago, nothing had been done for these needy and neglected people, who are perhaps treated more unkindly than any other class.

The hall where the meeting was held was crowded, and men were standing on the sidewalks.

Their faces were a study, and they seemed interested in what was said. When he asked all who wanted to know Jesus to manifest it by rising, the great majority of men near the front, and some farther back, were on their feet.

The mission is never closed day or night, and the men may sleep there if they have no other place. They are also invited to come when in need of any kind; and many a one has been helped into a hospital through this agency.

There are also meetings for the wives of these men and Sunday Schools for the children. In all, there are two of these halls, and one hundred and twenty different places where the gospel is preached in the open air. Many men have been converted, and some of these are now preachers.



Home of Doctor Lung, on Hospital Compound, Kínhwa

Mr. Matheson calls it the "Hard-working Men's Mission"; and the name is an appropriate one.

On August 26 we met the steamer from Canton, which brought the prospective bride; whose engagement feast we had attended while in that city. As the bridegroom could not reach Shanghai until the following day, the duty of caring for her fell upon us.

A married sister brought her up, and we welcomed her gladly.

The wedding took place on the twenty-ninth at the Missionary Home. It was a simple, but pretty affair; being a combination of Chinese and foreign usages.

The bride was dressed in white, quite contrary to Chinese custom, as this is their color for mourning; and although her dress was cut in Chinese style, she wore a foreign veil, and carried a bouquet of flowers.

The double parlors had been prettily decorated with cut flowers, and at 5 p. m. the strains of the wedding-march sounded on the organ, and the bridal party entered. It was our privilege to lead the bride to the place of ceremony, where she was met by the groom.

The Chinese pastor of the Cantonese church married them, and at the close of the ceremony simple refreshments were served.

On Sunday, September 15, one day behind schedule time, we left Shanghai on the S. S. Colombia, of the Pacific Mail Line, and began our homeward journey; with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. Our journey had been a wonderful one, and the thoughts that

we might never again see the places and people that had become so dear to us, caused us pain; but home was ahead; and we looked with joy to what lay beyond.

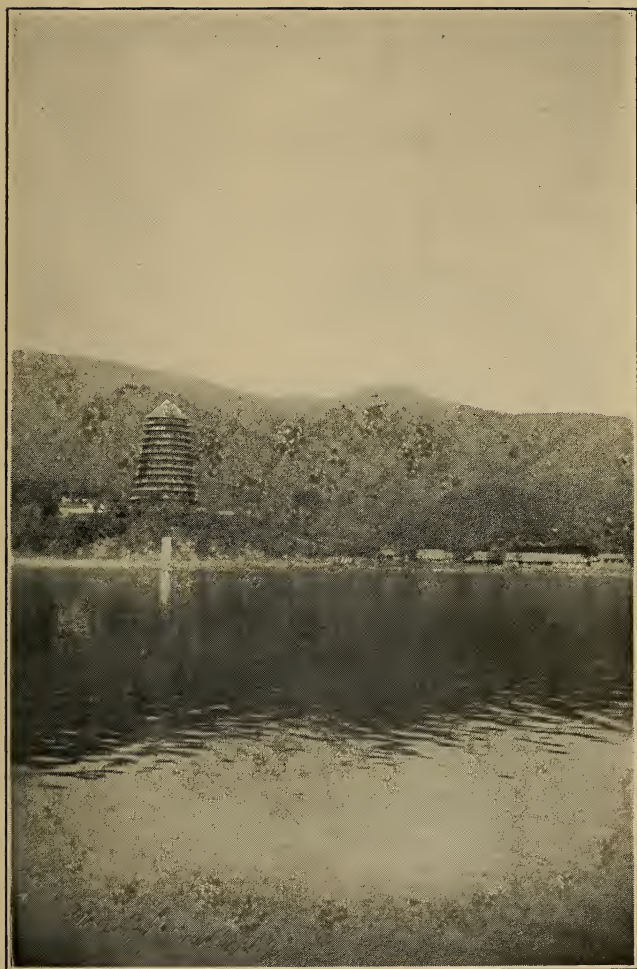
We had good weather and a comparatively smooth sea till we reached Kobe, but stormy weather between there and Yokohama. The rest of the way it might have been called good.

At Honolulu we had a most enjoyable day, being met by our friends Mr. and Mrs. George, who entertained us royally, and took us in their auto to the principal places of interest, the city of Honolulu, the Pali, and beautiful Waikiki Beach. The day passed all too quickly, and we were again on board ship, and bound for San Francisco.

On the evening of October 9 we saw the lights of the city sparkling like stars; we came to the Golden Gate, while the search-lights were continually being thrown across the waters. It was a beautiful sight, which we shall long remember.

It was too late to pass inspection that night, so we anchored until morning. But there was little sleep for any one; and by three o'clock in the morning people were astir. Our journey by water was over, and we once more found ourselves in the homeland.

While in China, we saw some verses written by Henry Van Dyke, and set to music by some one in Japan. They were called "Home Thoughts from Europe." We substituted some verses of our own composing, using the same chorus, and called them



Hangchow Pagoda and River

“Home Thoughts from the East.” We give them here in closing these letters :

It is fine to cross the ocean to countries far away,
From Honolulu Island, to Yokohama Bay,
To see Mount Fujiyama, with its peak of glist'ning snow,
And Japan's wealth of flowers in the valley far below.

(Cho.) But it's home again, and home again; America for me;

My heart is turning home again to God's country;
To the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine, and the flag is full of stars.

We count ourselves most happy to visit ancient shrines;
To behold the cherry-blossoms and the fair wisteria vines;
To see colossal Buddha and mount some temple stair,
To see paintings, silks, and ivories, and costly cloisonné.

(Cho.)

We are charmed with ancient China and its mountains, high
and grand,

Which remind us of the mountains in our own dear native
land;

With its miles of open country, its pagodas towering high,
From brilliant turf beneath our feet, to blue and vaulted sky.

(Cho.)

There are things beyond description in these lands beyond
the sea;

In these Oriental countries, charming to you and me;

But their glories are forgotten, their memories abate,

At the sight of San Francisco and the glorious Golden Gate.

So it's home again, and home again; America for me;

My heart is turning home again to God's country;

To the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean bars,

Where the air is full of sunshine, and the flag is full of stars.

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